grand Guignol orchestra

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KAORI YUKI

CREATOR OF ANGEL SANCTUARY & GODCHILD

grand Guignol Orchestra

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"If only everyone were a doll like me, Coppélia of the Enamel Eyes."
The princess' screams echoed across the dark land.
Her magic words spread instantly to all corners of the earth. All people became frozen, as motionless as dolls.

Grand Guignol
Orchestra
Op.1 Overture for Sleepless Dolls
(Part 1)

PLEASE ...
TELL ME MORE...
Dolls must not live anywhere but here... Lucille...
But you realize, don't you?
...perhaps they could change the world!
If only someone could find the hidden "Black Oratorio"...
...and sing it...

WHAT FAIRY TALE IS THAT? TELL ME MORE...
YOU WILL, WON'T YOU? AND... WHO ARE YOU?
THEN, ALLOW ME TO ASK.
WHO...
..ARE YOU?
ME?
I...
RATTLE RATTLE
WHO AM I?
I... DON'T...

I DON'T KNOOOW!!
BLAT
THAT'S AN EASY ONE! YOU'RE A MAN-EATING DOLL... A GUIGNOL!
KYA HA HA HA HA! FOOL!

BRRRMP
HOLD ON OR YOU'LL FALL OFF!
YIKES!
SPLAT
KOHAKU!
NO GUN! WE DON'T WANT BLOOD EVERY-WHERE!
WHAT? YOU'RE COMPLAIN-ING AFTER I SAVED YOUR BUTT, LUCILLE?
LUCILLE! WE'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE BEFORE THE GUIGNOLS DO!
THEY'VE LOWERED THE DRAW-BRIDGE!

GRRRROWRLLLLLLLLL
BEFORE THE GUIGNOLS GET HERE!
KA-KA
KANG
KANG
THEY'RE IN! RAISE THE BRIDGE!
KANG
WHAM

WE MADE IT SAFELY TO TOUSSAINT.
YOU MUST BE TRAVELERS
IT CAN'T HAVE BEEN EASY CROSSING THOSE GUIGNOL-INFESTED HILLS TO GET HERE!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE THE SOLDIERS FROM THE PALACE?!
NO
WE'RE THE GRAND ORCHESTRA. WE JOURNEY ACROSS THE LAND TO PERFORM OUR BEAUTIFUL MUSIC!
NING
ORCHESTRA?!
THEN BE-GONE!
WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MUSIC!

A BOY? HIS LEGS..
M-MASTER ELES...
IF...
IF NOT... FOR THAT MUSIC...
LUCILLE!
MAAASTER ELEEES!!
C-CURSE YOU!!
HE'S TRANS-FORMED!! HE'S ATTACKING THE BOY?!

UNFORTU-
NATELY, IT
SEEMS THIS
MAN WAS
INFECTED..
SOMEHOW,
SOMETHING
ABOUT US
AND YOU..
SEEMS TO HAVE
UPSET HIM,
CAUSING HIS
TRANSFORMA-
TION..
TAK
TAK
TAK
IT'S A
WORLDWIDE
EPIDEMIC, AND
WHILE THE
INCUBATION
PERIOD
VARIES FROM
PERSON TO
PERSON,
EVENTUALLY
THE VIRUS...
WHAT?
THAT
SOUND
...?!!
IT'S
GOING
TO KILL
ME!!
SKR

...TRANS-
FORMS THE
INFECTED
PERSON
INTO A
GUIGNOL!
THERE'S
NO
ESCAPE.
YOUNG
MASTER!

VIVIAN...
EEEP!
YOUNG MASTER! WHAT ON EARTH ..?!
RUSH!!
?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MASTER?
VIVIAN! THESE CRIMINALS ATTRACTED THE GUIGNOL!
ARREST THEM!
WHAT?!

GIMME A BREAK! I'LL KILL YOU, YOU LITTLE BRAT!
HOLD ON NOW!
YOU CAN'T TREAT US LIKE THIS!
VIVIAN!
Y-YESP
SPLOOSH
SILENCE, CURSED OUTSIDERS!
I AM ELESTIAL, SON OF THE LORD OF THIS CASTLE! YOU WILL ADDRESS ME AS "ELES," NOT "BRAT"!
HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME THAT WAY, MINSTREL SCUM!

THE DISEASED DOLLS THAT INFEST THE OUTSIDE WORLD!
I WAS SURE THEY WERE FINALLY SENDING THE SOLDIERS WE REQUESTED TO WIPE OUT THE GUIGNOLS
WHEN FATHER TOLD ME WE'D HAVE VISITORS FROM THE PALACE..
TO HELL WITH IT!
THIS IS ODD
STILL..
AN ORCHESTRA?! SOOTHING MUSIC?!
WHAT GOOD IS MUSIC?!
THAT'S ENOUGH, ELES!
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THE PEOPLE HERE..
NOT THAT WE EXPECTED A GRAND WELCOME..

MURMUR
MURMUR
WHAT AN INSULT!!
SHH!
HE REALLY SUMMONED AN ORCHESTRA?!
IT'S THE LORD OF THE CASTLE...
?!
IT'S LORD HELIODOR...!
!
MEMBERS OF THE GRAND ORCHESTRA, HOW GLAD I AM THAT YOU SURVIVED YOUR PERILOUS JOURNEY
I AM HELIODOR, LORD OF TOUSSAINT
I APOLOGIZE FOR MY SON'S RUDENESS HE'S AN UNWORTHY ONLY CHILD.

ZING
PLEASED TO MEET YOU I AM LUCILLE, SINGER AND LEADER OF THE GRAND ORCHESTRA.
WHAT'S MORE
..THIS LORD DOESN'T SEEM VERY POPULAR WITH HIS SUBJECTS
THAT'S NOT TRUE!!
MASTER ELES
...
DRIP
DRIP
Lucille!
YOUR SON GAVE US A RATHER RUDE WELCOME! ♡
ALL THOSE BODY-GUARDS
AN ONLY CHILD, FATHER?
WHAT ABOUT MY SISTER, CELES?
DON'T SPEAK THAT NAME!

SMACK
MASTER ELES!
CLANK
WHUF
MASTER ELES...!
DON'T ARGUE WITH FATHER! IT'S ALL RIGHT! GO, VIVIAN! I'M OKAY
Y-Young Master
B-BUT
ESCORT THE MUSICIANS TO THE CASTLE!
VIVIAN! LEAVE HIM BE!

I DON'T WANT YOUR HELP!
GO AWAY!
LORD HELIODOR'S SON IS ON THE GROUND...
...AND NOBODY COMES TO HIS AID?
A TOWEL
Here, sir
FWIK
...
YOUR SMILE IS JUST LIKE FATHER'S!

HIDING YOUR TRUE FEELINGS, DECEIVING YOURSELF AND EVERYONE ELSE...
BLITHELY HURTING PEOPLE, SMILING ALL THE WHILE...
LIKE A MASK... OR THE GRIN OF A GUIGNOL!
THERE'S NO WAY ANYONE AS FAKE AS YOU COULD BE A DECENT SINGER!
GO BACK TO THE PALACE, WHERE YOU BELONG!
YOUR PHONY SMILE MAKES ME SICK!

PSS
PSS
PSS
LOOKS LIKE THE QUEEN HAS NO INTENTION OF SENDING HELP...
WE'VE NO NEED FOR AN ORCHESTRA!
I'VE GOT TO AGREE WITH THE YOUNG MASTER FOR ONCE
There, there, Lucille He's just a kid.
WENCH?
KYA HA HA! IF THE WENCH DANCES NUDE TOO, MAYBE I'LL COME LISTEN!
..UNLESS YOUR MUSIC CAN ENCHANT THE GUIGNOLS!
HEY, WATCH IT!
You're making me sick!

This is my first new volume in a while How have you been? Thanks for reading my work again. I love you

No, really!

I have two kids. As expected, it's really hard juggling the kids, housework and work I'm sleep deprived every day

ZZZZZ

So, this is a story about a group of traveling musicians who continue to spread songs of love in a desolate world overrun by dolls called Guignols

...What? Is that true?

Maybe? Maybe?

Well anyway, please read it

BOY, YOU SURE TALK BIG WHEN NOBODY STANDS UP TO YOU, HUH?
WE RISK OUR LIVES TRAVELING WHILE YOU HOLE UP HERE IN YOUR LITTLE CASE! SO SHUT YOUR MOUTHS!
WE DON'T HAVE ANY MUSIC FOR IDIOTS LIKE YOU! SO NYAH NYAH NYAH!
MAN, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE HOT-HEADED ONE
NYAH! NYAH!
LUCILLE, WE'RE NOT CHILDREN
PRETTY CRASS FOR A GRAND ORCHESTRA!
SEE IF ANYONE COMES TO HEAR YOUR MUSIC!
CLANG CLANG
CASP
UNH
!
THE CHURCH BELL
WHY?
TIME FOR MASS

WHAT?! NO FIGHT?!
YES, WE MUST OFFER OUR PRAYERS..
WUMP
WUMP
TO THE CHURCH
GRR! LORD HELIODOR'S SON AND THE REST CAN BITE ME!
PARDON ME...
THE TOWNS-PEOPLE ARE UNFRIENDLY BUT DEVOUT, IT SEEMS
Of course! Why... it doesn't bother me in the least!
I'M VIVIAN, MASTER ELES'S GOVERNESS
I HOPE YOU'LL PARDON THE YOUNG MASTER'S RUDENESS
IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'VE BEEN ASKED TO ESCORT YOU TO THE CASTLE...

WHAM
HEY SIS. DID MASTER ELES HAVE SOME KIND OF TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE RELATED TO MUSIC? THAT WAS A WEIRD REACTION.
HOW DID YOU KNOW P!
I'M AMAZED! YOU'RE A VERITABLE PSYCHO-ANALYST!
Are you mocking me?
UH, IT WAS PRETTY OBVIOUS
IT WAS A TRAGIC ACCIDENT
THE YOUNG MASTER USED TO LOVE MUSIC!
MASTER ELESTIAL AND HIS TWIN SISTER, MISS CELESTITE, TOO.
MISS CELES OFTEN PLAYED BEAUTIFUL PIANO MUSIC FOR MASTER ELES, WHO WAS BORN WITH WEAK LEGS AND COULD NEVER WALK
ONE DAY WHILE THEIR MOTHER WAS AWAY, THEY SECRETLY HAD HER PRIZED PIANO BROUGHT OUT TO PLAY A CONCERT FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE TOWN

ALL THE INFECTED TRANSFORMED TOO, ATTACKING ALL THE CHILDREN...
BUT FOR SOME REASON, THE MUSIC DROVE THE GUIGNOLS INTO A WILD RAGE, AND THEY STORMED THE TOWN.
EVEN MISTRESS CELES WAS KILLED!
IT WAS CHAOS. THE TOWN WAS OVERRUN. ALL CHILDREN FELL PREY TO THE GUIGNOLS
AND THAT'S WHAT FEELS STRANGE ABOUT THIS TOWN...
THAT EXPLAINS THE PEOPLE'S RESENTMENT TOWARD LORD HELIODOR AND HIS SON
BECAUSE GUIGNOL VICTIMS CAN COME BACK TO LIFE AS GUIGNOLS, IT WAS LAW THAT THE REMAINS BE BURNED
APART FROM ELES, THERE ARE NO OTHER CHILDREN!

NO WONDER THE BOY'S HEART IS CLOSED.
THOSE EYES, LIKE THE FROZEN, EMOTIONLESS EYES OF A DOLL...
THE FEAR OF AUTHORITY...
THE RESENTMENT OVER LOSING THEIR CHILDREN...
YOUR EYES ARE LIKE THE LYING EYES OF A GUIGNOL WHEN YOU SMILE!
...SMILE!
COME NOW, LUCILLE...
SO THAT'S WHY THE PEOPLE FLOCK TO THE CHURCH
LOOK AT ALL THOSE FLOWERS! I CAN SMELL THEM FROM HERE!
TOUSSAINT WAS ALWAYS A DEVOUT TOWN, BUT SINCE THAT DAY WE PRAY DAILY AT THE CHURCH FOR THE SOULS OF THE DEAD.

SINCE THE DEATH OF THEIR CHILDREN, THE TOWNSPEOPLE HARBOR MIXED FEELINGS TOWARD LORD HELIODOR AND MASTER ELES
IT MAY SEEM AS IF THE MEMORY FADES WITH THE PASSAGE OF TIME, BUT THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN THEIR ANGER AND SADNESS COULD ERUPT.
AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO WAY TO TRULY FORGET.
LUCILLE
MY RIGHT EYE HURTS!
...
YES, KOHAKU..
THEY'RE *HERE.*

THIS WILL BE YOUR ROOM
THANK YOU, VIVIAN.
YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MOTHER'S ROOM?!

YOU'RE... A MAN?!
But you still look like a woman!!
THAT'S IT!!
WHEN THE GATEKEEPER TURNED GUIGNOL AND CAME AFTER ME...
I HEARD A STRANGE RINGING IN MY EARS
...AND THEN NEXT THING I KNEW THE GUIGNOL HAD COLLAPSED AT MY FEET!
WHAT DID YOU DO?
WHAT WAS THAT SOUND?
SOUND?
WELL...
FLUP
YOUR FATHER PROVIDED THESE CLOTHES AND THIS ROOM FOR ME TO CHANGE OUT OF MY WET THINGS...
HE MUST HAVE GIVEN ME A SEPARATE ROOM FROM THE OTHERS BECAUSE HE THOUGHT I WAS A WOMAN!
WELL, ANYWAY
I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME-THING!

Oh, what a lovely child! ♡
Is this your sister, Celestite?
DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT!
WAIT... HOW DID YOU KNOW?
AND THIS MUST BE YOUR MOTHER... AND THIS...
IS THIS THE PIANO THAT ATTRACTS GUIGNOLS?
YOU HEARD?!

AS A MUSICIAN, I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE HEARD YOUR SISTER'S PIANO PLAYING
OH, IT'S LOCKED
DON'T TOUCH THAT!!
?!
AH, YES A WHITE QUARTZ PIANO. QUITE COSTLY
IN RARE CASES, ITS MUSIC COULD AFFECT THE GUIGNOLS— DEPENDING ON THE TALENTS OF THE PLAYER.
GUIGNOLS RESPOND TO SPECIAL KINDS OF SOUNDS.
YOUR SISTER'S PLAYING MUST HAVE RESONATED WITH THE QUARTZ...
AND SENT SOME KIND OF SIGNAL TO THE GUIGNOLS

THEN... THAT SOUND I HEARD...?
THE VIRUS THAT PRODUCES THE MYSTERIOUS GALATEA SYNDROME...
CAUSES THE INFECTED TO HARDEN, THEIR EXPRESSIONS TO FREEZE AND THEIR JOINTS TO SWELL. THEIR STRANGE APPEARANCE AND WOODEN MOVEMENTS HAVE EARNED THEM THEIR NICKNAME...
GUIGNOLS, OR WRITHING DOLLS
EVEN THE QUEEN'S RESEARCHERS HAVE YET TO SUCCEED IN DEVELOPING A CURE
IN ANY CASE, IF ONE OF THOSE MAN-EATING DOLLS BITES YOU, OR IF ITS BLOOD ENTERS YOUR BODY, YOU'RE INSTANTLY INFECTED
...
MOTHER WAS HURT BY ONE AND EVEN THOUGH IT WAS JUST A SCRATCH...

THE CRACKS BEGAN TO SPREAD.
ELES... CELES... THAT'S RIGHT, CHILDREN...
COME HERE, DARLINGS...
MOTHER'S THIRSTY...
...FOR YOUR BLOOD!
FATHER!

FATHER!
WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING MOTHER?!
STOOP!
IT'S THE QUEEN'S LAW

THE PATHOGEN CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO REMAIN IN A TOWN IF IT DOES, THAT TOWN IS DOOMED
AS LORD OF THIS TOWN, YOUR FATHER WAS RIGHT TO SET A GOOD EXAMPLE
"WITHOUT EXCEPTION, THE INFECTED MUST BE PURIFIED BY FLAME."
IT'S THE ABSOLUTE LAW OF THE LAND
YOU'RE AS HORRIBLE AS I THOUGHT! I HATE YOU!
LUCILLE IS RIGHT.
YOU'RE EXCUSED, ELES!
FATHER!

I WAS JUST GOING!
SCRAK
AH!
EEK!
YOU HATE ME? BUT I LIKE YOU VERY MUCH, ELES!
YOU FASCINATE ME
...
THOSE FINGERS..
NOW THEN I'VE HEARD THAT THERE ARE TWO GRAND ORCHESTRAS, AN OFFICIAL ONE AND AN UNOFFICIAL ONE, AND THAT THE UNOFFICIAL ONE WILL PLAY ANY PIECE FOR THE RIGHT PRICE
I UNDERSTAND THAT THE OFFICIAL ONE IS EXTREMELY BUSY AND THEY'RE BOOKED SEVERAL YEARS IN ADVANCE
COULD IT BE... THAT YOU'RE THE UNOFFICIAL ORCHESTRA?

ON THE OTHER HAND, WE CAN PLAY ANY PIECE— EVEN ONES THEY CAN'T
WE'RE THE ELITE CADRE THAT FORMS THE QUEEN'S *PETITE BANDE* WE VISIT THE SMALLER LOCALES WHERE THE OFFICIAL ORCHESTRA WON'T VENTURE
THAT'S CORRECT
THE ***BLACK HYMNAL*** CAN CONJURE FORTH ANY DREAM YOU WISH
IS THAT THE REAL THING?!
IT ACTUALLY EXISTS?!
YOU'RE TRULY THE AID I HAVE BEEN SEEKING. PLEASE—

ON OUR WAY, WE HEARD SOME STRANGE RUMORS ABOUT THIS TOWN
I UNDERSTAND THAT A NUMBER OF TRAVELERS HAVE COME HERE, NEVER TO BE HEARD FROM AGAIN
TSS TSS
...
UNSAVORY RUMORS ABOUND IN THIS DAY AND AGE...
FOR EXAMPLE, RUMORS OF AN UNOFFICIAL ORCHESTRA THAT CAN PLAY ANY PIECE FOR THE RIGHT PRICE...
SHIK
MADE UP SOLELY OF CONVICTS AND SINNERS WITH SINISTER PASTS!
PARDON ME.
CIGARS BOTHER MY THROAT.
WOULD YOU MIND NOT SMOKING?

ROLL
!!
FINE.
ALL MERITLESS RUMORS, I'M SURE.
I BESEECH YOU TO BESTOW ONE FINAL SONG OF COMPASSION ON THIS CURSED TOWN...
...THAT WE MAY PURIFY AND SAVE AS MANY SOULS AS POSSIBLE BEFORE DIVINE RETRIBUTION IS CARRIED OUT!
AS LORD OF THIS TOWN, I TAKE FULL RESPONSI-BILITY FOR ITS SINS!
IN THAT CASE...
I SHALL BECOME ONE WITH THE AIR OF THIS TOWN AND READ THE WIND...
...AND WHEN MY VOICE IS TUNED...
...WE'LL PERFORM ON THE EVE OF THE NEXT FULL MOON!

THERE YOU ARE!
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU!
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
I HAVE ONE MORE REQUEST TO ASK OF YOU...
AND, LUCILLE...!
SO THIS IS THE CHURCH.
A SUFFOCATING SMELL OF FLOWERS.
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL.
NO...
INJURED?
WHY SO MANY?

I SMELL A FAMILIAR SCENT!
MASTER ELES! I BROUGHT THEM!
WILL THESE DO?
YES, THANK YOU, VIVIAN.
YOUR HAND! WHAT HAP-PENED?
OH!
N-NO, MASTER ELES!
EARLIER TODAY IT WAS MY FAULT

IT WAS MY OWN CARELESS-NESS! IT'S JUST A SCRAPE
Then, LET ME SEE IT!
EEK!
OUCH!
YOU IDIOT!
!
SLMPH
NO...
WHY...
WHY ARE YOU SO GOOD TO ME?!
YOU SHOULD'VE HAD THIS TREATED RIGHT AWAY INSTEAD OF ATTENDING TO THOSE JERKS!
YOU'RE ALWAYS FALLING DOWN AND DROPPING THINGS, YOU CLUMSY OAF!
I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY, MASTER ELES!
WHAP
WHAP
WHAP
WHAP

MASTER ELES...
PEOPLE WILL SAY MEAN THINGS TO YOU TOO!
WHY NOT TELL FATHER YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE CARE OF A KID EVERYONE HATES? ALL THE OTHER GOVERN-ESSES DID!
I HAD NOTHING, BUT YOU GAVE MY LIFE MEANING...
I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF YOU AND CELES...
I WAS ABANDONED WHEN I WAS YOUNG, AND YOUR FATHER TOOK ME IN.
VIVIAN...
EVEN IF I'M A BURDEN...
I MADE UP MY MIND NEVER TO MARRY AND TO SERVE HIS LORDSHIP MY WHOLE LIFE.

...
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE... WHO KNOWS MY SECRET...
...AND STILL REMAINS BY MY SIDE
!!WOOSH
AGH!
WHO WOULD HAVE IMAGINED SUCH A LOVELY PLACE EXISTED WITHIN THE CITY!
GEE, ELES, YOU'RE PRETTY LOVEY-DOVEY!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!
YOU'VE GOT NO BUSINESS HERE!
CELES'S!
AH! VISITING SOMEONE'S GRAVE, I SEE!
YOUR MOTHER'S, PERHAPS?
OR IS IT
I BURNED MY OWN SISTER'S BODY HERE
KHRR
RR
UPON MY FATHER'S ORDERS!

NOW THAT YOU KNOW, BE-GONE!
THIS IS A HOLY SPOT THAT BELONGS TO ME AND MY SISTER!
INDEED WE'RE STILL WITHIN THE CASTLE FIEF—
YET THE MOAT AND STONE WALL SURROUND-ING THE TOWN ARE OF NO USE!
QUITE THE MYSTERI-OUS TOWN, I MUST SAY!
!

HOW DID THEY GET IN?!
GUI-GNOLS?!
NO! MY LEGS!
AM I GOING TO...
...DIE?!
HERE AND NOW?
LAW REQUIRES THAT BODIES INFECTED BY THE GUIGNOLS MUST BE BURNED, NO MATTER THE CIRCUM-STANCES
AND, FOR THE SAKE OF OUR SECRET, TOO...
ELEG, I WANT YOU TO BURN CELES JUST AS I BURNED MOTHER.
IF YOU WISH TO LIVE.
SHE MUST BE REDUCED TO ASHES!
THIS IS MY PUNISHMENT!!

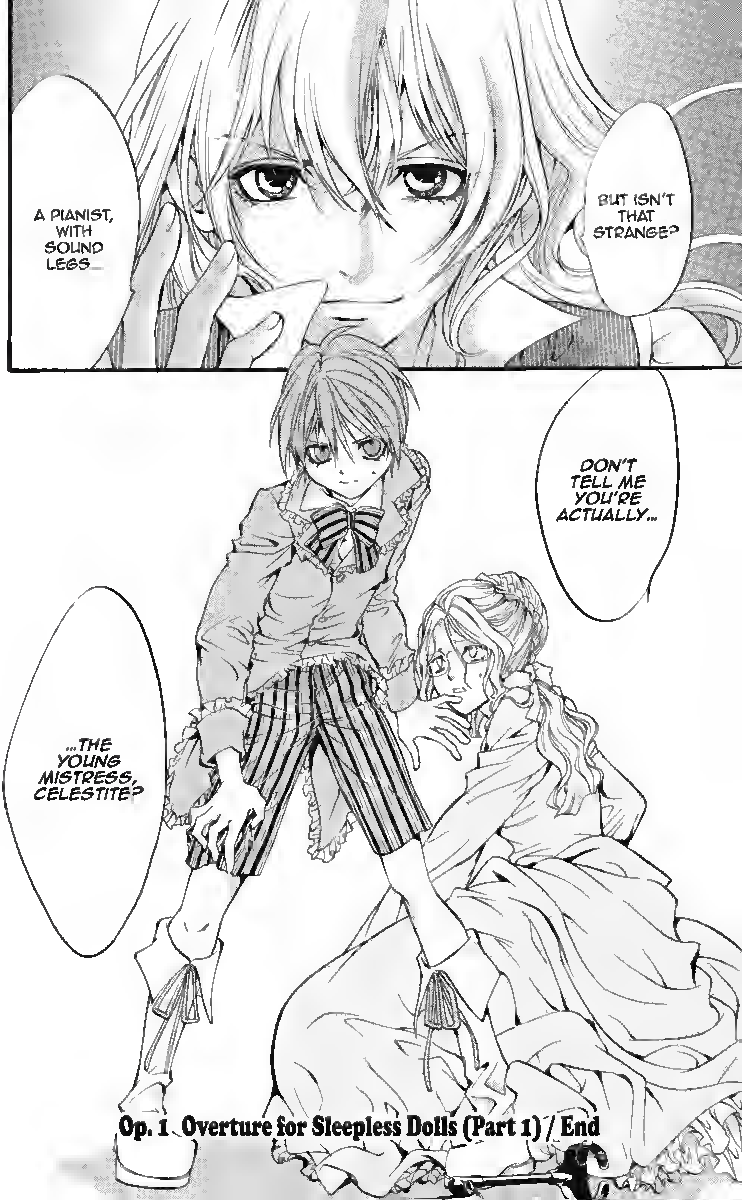
YES GUN, KOHAKU!
LUCILLE! YES GUN OR NO GUN?
BL
AM
SHOOT TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT!
OH! LOOK AT THEM...!
BAM
WOMEN AND CHILDREN, GET DOWN! THE BLOOD WILL INFECT YOU!
AIEEE!!
EEEEK!!
SPLUT
FIGHTING OFF THE GUIGNOLS LIKE IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE!
YIPPEE. AI-YAY!!

THEY'RE EVEN...
SMILING!
THEY'RE INSANE!
PERHAPS IT REALLY WAS—
THEY HAD THE SAME RELAXED SMILES!
THAT'S RIGHT!
THAT OTHER TIME TOO.
LUCILLE!

A TUNING FORK ...?
AND ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL SOUND BLENDING WITH IT...
THE BEAUTY OF AN ANGEL OR A DEMON...
...WITH GLIMMERING GOLDEN HAIR..
YES.
THAT'S THE SOUND!

A VOICE?
BUT SUCH A PROFOUND VOCALIZATION... LIKE AN ENTIRE SONG...
WHO ON EARTH...
BEAUTIFUL...
POW
POW
POW
...ARE THESE PEOPLE?!

YOU OKAY?
YOU KNOW, YOUR HANDS REALLY REMIND ME OF SOMEONE ELSE I KNEW..
NOT VERY LARGE, BUT WITH WELL-DEVELOPED JOINTS AND A MIDDLE FINGER THAT BENDS TOWARD THE RING FINGER...
THEY'RE JUST LIKE THE HANDS OF OUR FORMER PIANIST!
WAP
OH, YOU'VE DROPPED SOMETHING, ELES!
KS
SLE



Op. 1 Overture for Sleepless Dolls (Part 1) / End

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